

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

VOLUME XXIII.

WOODSFIELD MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, MARCH 27, 1866.

NUMBER 4.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Published Every Tuesday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Two dollars per annum, if paid in advance;
and two dollars and fifty cents if not paid in advance.
No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

JOB PRINTING

Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office, and at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square, three weeks.....\$2.00
One square, three months.....3.00
One square, six months.....5.00
One square, nine months.....6.00
One square, twelve months.....8.00
One-fourth column, one year.....20.00
One-half column, one year.....30.00
One column, one year.....50.00
Twelve lines, or less, will be charged as the square.

All legal advertisements will be charged by the line.

Notices of the appointment of Administrators and Executors; also Attachment Notices, must be paid in advance.

Twenty-five per cent. additional will be charged on the price of job work if not paid in advance, and on advertising if not paid before the first insertion.

The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers object to the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have notified the publisher, and ordered their discontinuance.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, in prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Professional Cards

GITHENS & FERGUSON

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Poetry.

The Dying Wife to Her Husband.

I am passing through the waters, but a blessed shore appears.

Kneel beside me, husband dearest, let me kiss away the tears;

Wrestle with thy grief as Jacob strove, from midnight until day;

It may leave an angel's blessing, when it vanishes away.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long she can be there—

See, how to my heart she nestles—'tis the pearl I love to wear;

If, in after years, beside thee, sits another in my chair,

Though her voice be sweeter music, and her face than mine more fair,—

If a cherub call thee father, far more beautiful than this,

Love thy first-born, oh, my husband, turn not from the motherless.

Tell her sometimes of her mother—you may call her Anna Jane—

Shield her from the winds of sorrow—if she errs, oh, gently blame,

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping, I will answer, if she calls;

And my breath will stir her ringlets when my voice in blessing falls;

And her soft blue eyes will brighten with a wonder whence it came.

In her heart, when years pass o'er her, she will find her mother's name.

I will be her right hand angel, sealing up the good for Heaven.

Striving that the midnight watches find no mischief unforbidden.

You will not forget me, dearest, when I'm sleeping 'neath the sod;

Oh, love the babe upon my bosom as I love you—next to God.

A Cure for Cholera.

The subjoined letter, from a well-known Boston druggist and apothecary, was first published several years ago in a Boston paper. We advise our readers to preserve it.

"Rev. Dr. Hamlin, of Constantinople, saved hundreds of lives by the following simple preparation during the terrible plague of cholera in that city a few years since. In no case did the remedy fail where the patient could be reached in season. It is no less effective in cholera-morbus and ordinary diarrhoea. A remedy so easily procured and so vitally efficacious should be always at hand. An ordinary phial of it can be had for twenty-five cents, and nobody should be without it over night. The writer of this received the recipe a few days since, and having been seriously attacked with cholera-morbus the past week, can attest to its almost magical influence in affording relief from excruciating pain. He ardently hopes that every one whose eyes trace these lines will cut this article from the paper, and procure the medicine without delay. Its prompt application will relieve pain, and presumptively, save life. Take one part camphorated spirits, two parts tincture of ginger, two parts capsicum. Dose—one tea-spoonful in a wine glass of water. If the case is obstinate, repeat the dose in three or four hours."

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into the water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance.

A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making the hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk two hundred feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water.

In the arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. A mother can be distinctly heard talking to her child, on a still day, across water a mile wide.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.—Improve every moment to some valuable purpose—Cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the scriptures. Reverence the name, the law, and the worship of God. Devote your time and the Sabbath to the duties and business of religion. Live in the constant practice of the duty of prayer. Cherish a sense of your accountability to God, and of your need of the renovating influences of his divine spirit. Forget not the debt of gratitude you owe to your parents. Treat them with kindness and respect. Listen diligently to their counsels and admonitions. Accustom yourselves to look forward to the hour of death, and to contemplate the scenes that follow.

John Newton once said: "Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundles, and gives us first one stick, which we are able to carry to-day, and then another, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's load to our burden before we are required to."

THE BOY.

BY GEORGE MARTIAL.

Modestly speaking, there probably was never such another boy as our boy.

Of course he has his equals, but then just such eyes, and hair, and features, and manners, I haven't seen, at least.

I must confess that I never saw any thing particular in other babies, unless it was that they were curiously mouthed and flat-nosed, and made such dreadful faces. But William George Arthur Godfrey hadn't been in this miserable world of ours a day, before I discovered that he was a prodigy. Such an astonishing likeness to my grandfather—and the Godfrey nose; and then he commenced to develop at such a very early age.

Why, he don't even cry like other children, and the way he walks and talks, and such legs as he has, and—well, I might exhaust myself and the dictionary, and still give you no idea of him; but I can assure you he is worth a fortune, literally—for he has cost us one.

The way of it, perhaps my uncle Bob's diary will explain, which I here append, without making any remarks on the astonishing malignity and perverseness of human nature in general, and old bachelors in particular.

"My UNCLE BOB'S DIARY.

"During a period of twenty years, I have never omitted the entry of each day's occurrences, under its proper heading and date, but the severe illness which ensued as the consequence of the distressing events I am about to record, has broken in on the regularity that all else failed to shake, and probably gave far too hurried a turn to an early grave."

(He was sixty then, reader.)

"In an evil hour, six weeks ago, I resolved to visit my nephew, George Godfrey, whom I have always regarded as an inoffensive man, not otherwise, or he wouldn't have taken to himself a wife—but then he was rather to be pitied than blamed for that.

"I had several reasons. In the first place, I was tired of the hotel, its cookery, its waiters, and its noise, and wanted a change. In the second place, there was a widow who had made such a dead set at me, that I, being a prudent man, felt that my only safety lay in flight—

Thirdly, I was tired of running over children in the halls, and having their spurs spilled in my lap at dinner. I hate children; I suppose I was once myself, but how I could have been anything so disagreeable, I can't imagine; but my mother insists that it is a fact. I have been obliged to concede the fact, though why on earth sensible people should use that as an argument to persuade me to let the little wretches tread on my toes, pull my hair, and daub me with ginger-bread, I am at a loss to conceive. Neither can I understand why there is always a baby next to me in the omnibus, why I always have to give up my seat in the cars to a baby, and that no less hateful appendage—a nurse—or why, above all things in the world, my nephew George, who never offended me in his life, should, of all men in the world, have a baby.

"I heard it cry as I drove up, but my better angel warned me to fly; but, driven by fate, I refused to believe the evidence of my senses—I settled it that that sound came from the next house (for which I sincerely ask the house's pardon), and rushed into my nephew's embrace, to be confronted with a baby.

"Here's the boy, uncle," said my nephew, smacking his lips as though he were conveying an agreeable piece of intelligence; "he's a fine fellow? Look at those legs and that eye! Did you ever see such an eye?"

"I caught a glimpse of a pair of thick red legs and a white head; but before I could open my mouth, the boy made a dart at me, and had the ruff of my shirt (I always wear ruffled shirts) bedaubed with mustard quicker than I can tell it.

"Just see that, now!" cried my nephew. "How spry he is, and what noise he takes! He has an eye for fire!"

"Deah, 'tit little possty tootsy," cackled his wife. "Dit little ukele—kiss he uncle, sweet, now."

"I recoiled in horror. I am happy to say the baby did the same. It is the only redeeming trait in his character, and I recall it with pleasure. Not all the coaxing and threatening, nor promises of sugar or slaps could induce him to advance, even for an instant, his pouting, beslobbered, cheese-like face, toward mine; and no little delighted at escaping so easily, I set down to dinner.

"My nephew, who was not altogether without sense before he married, suggested the removal of The Boy, as he called it, to the nursery, but the moment the nurse appeared, the interesting infant began to wail. Instantly all was confusion and terror. My nephew left the soup to cool on the table, his wife snatched the sugar-bowl from the side-table, while I held myself down by the arms of the chair, to restrain the growing inclination I felt to go to their assistance with my cane.

"Politeness conquered, and so did the baby, after ten minutes of squirming, kicking and howling; and having been triumphantly installed in a high chair next me, the soup was served out.

"He's such a spirited little fellow!" said my nephew's wife.

"Plenty of pluck he has," chimed in my nephew. "He'll make his way through the world—he's a true Godfrey. Do you know, uncle, we think he strongly resembles you?"

"If I could have believed such a thing possible, as that at any time of my life I could ever have borne the faintest shadow of resemblance to that mealy, leering baby, I would at once have ordered my

name to be erased from the census, destroyed every daguerreotype of myself in existence, bequeathed all my property to the founding and support of an institution for the benefit of indigent bachelors, with strict orders that my name should never be mentioned, and then at once put an end to my life; but I rejected the supposition as too horrible, and then took a mouthful of soup.

"Angels and ministers of grace! I sprang up, choking and spluttering. My nephew's wife dashed the contents of the water pitcher over me—my nephew followed with the vinegar cruet.

"Apoplexy! run for the doctor! what is the matter, uncle? Are you dying?" they exclaimed, both together.

"If I'm not," I retorted savagely, "it is not his fault!" pointing to the despicable baby, who sat staring and rolling up his eyes at us. "He has emptied the salt cellar into my soup."

"My nephew, for a moment, seemed really confounded; but his wife burst out in the usual strain of admiration:

"The dear little thing! Was there ever such an observing little creature? He has seen me put salt in my soup!"

"So he has!" chimed in papa, lighting up. "Nothing escapes him. Come, uncle, try some of the beef!"

"Shivering, bedaubed, and with smarting throat and mouth, I sat down once more, determined not to be beaten by the most disagreeable baby that ever squallied; but I found that I had miscalculated the powers of my antagonist.

"I have always made it a point of conscience to allow my powers of digestion a chance to do their best. I believe that if the soul isn't positively in the stomach, it is very near it; and I should like to know how a man is to preserve his serenity, or even his senses, with the dyspepsia. To that end I make it a point to eat slowly, and to avoid all existing subjects of thought or conversation. I never dream of such a thing as handing a taddy in to dinner—the fuss of pouring out her wine and picking up her handkerchief would be too much for me. I never go to dine with a great talker, and confine myself to monosyllables and brief nods of the head. Judge, then, of my sufferings, obliged to maintain constant watchfulness over my plate and wine, for fear of seeing them landed in my lap, making darts and springs to avoid the clutch of his greasy hands, and exercising all the self-control I had to keep from shaking him soundly.

"Meanwhile my nephew and his wife talked on, and still about the boy.

"He's so determined," said the wife, "he wanted that terra cotta pitcher this morning, and nothing would satisfy him till he got it, and in three minutes he had it broken into pieces."

"And such lungs," rejoined my nephew. "I heard him scream the other day, when I was coming home, three blocks off."

"What a fancy he has taken to you," exclaimed the mother admiringly. "It's not often he takes much notice of strangers."

"The boy emphasized her words by dropping his bone into my custard.

"I got up from the table.

"Nephew," I said solemnly, "I find the journey has been too much for me. If you please I will go to my room."

"Both sprang up to accompany me. The baby, who could walk, toddled after us, contriving, just as I reached the door, to entangle himself between my legs.

The consequence was, I fell heavily to the floor.

"How unfortunate," exclaimed my nephew.

"Is he killed?" screamed the mother frantically, dragging up the little yelling imp.

"No, but I am, madam!" I snapped. "I have sprained my ankle, and broke the crystal of my watch!"

"Lotions were sent for. I was placed on my back, and told that I must not stir on any account. My nephew's wife carefully closed all the windows, though it was July, shut out all the light she could, and then persisted in going about my room with creaking shoes and a camphor bottle—my two pet abominations. I groaned aloud and swore secretly. Finally I fell into a troubled doze, from which I awoke with a consciousness that something dreadful was happening.

"My nephew's wife had gone out, and left me alone with The Boy, and that most miserable, most utterly abandoned and unprincipled baby had got hold of my valise, and was rummaging it.

"What was to be done? I am a nervous man. Could I lie there, and behold the most cherished articles of my toilette in the remorseless and bedaubed hands of my tormentor? I tried to rise, but the pain was too excruciating.

"I had heard of moral suasion. I resolved to try it.

"Come to this poor, sickly, miming, pining, old uncle!" I commenced in a tone as near like my nephew's wife as possible. "Come ye little—ye unforgotten brute!" as the boy, eyeing me all the while, took my best hair brush, and dipping it into my box of blacking that had accidentally fallen open, and began to brush my shoes.

"I thought I heard you talking, uncle," said my nephew's wife, entering at that moment. "Are you any better?"

"Better!" I thundered. "Look there, madam. That is my hair brush—my best one. These are my ruffled shirts, and that monster is what you call, I believe, your baby, madam."

"The dear little precious!" squeaked the lady. "Was there ever such power of imitation?"

"I got up at once, ankle or no ankle. I was deaf to all arguments. I would have been if I had lost my limb in the sequence. I left the hated spot never to

revisit it. I have altered my will, in which I have left all my fortune to my nephew, George Godfrey, and bequeathed it to the institution for old bachelors above mentioned, appending this portion of my diary to it, with the request that it should be forwarded to my nephew on my death, that he may fully realize the value of The Boy."

A tinker was traveling in a country town, and having traversed many miles without finding anything to do, he stopped, weary and hungry, at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with a glazier to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and telling him he should have a job before long, advised him to go into his dinner and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and when he returned to the bar-room he was overjoyed to hear that the landlord required his services to mend a lot of pans and kettles which had suddenly "sprung a leak." The tinker was at once set to work, accomplished the task, received a liberal sum in payment, and started on his way rejoicing.

Upon reaching the outside of the house he found the glazier, who said: "Well, you see I told you the truth. I procured you a job of work, and how do you think I accomplished it?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied the tinker.

"I will tell you," rejoined the glazier. "You told me you were weary, hungry, and disconsolate. I knew the landlord was well off, and doing a good business; and so I watched the opportunity, and started a leak in every utensil I could get hold of."

The tinker, with many thanks and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey, but he had not proceeded many yards before he reached the village church, where a brilliant idea struck him. The glazier had befriended him; he would befriend the glazier. The church, he thought, could afford to bear a slight loss in a good cause, so, taking a position where he could not be seen, he riddled every window in the edifice with stones, and then, highly elated with his exploit, retraced his steps to notify the glazier he would speedily have a very important job.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you an hour since."

"How so?" asked the glazier, pleasantly.

"I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker; "and you of course will be employed to put them in again."

The glazier's jaw fell, and his face assumed a blank expression, as he said, in a tremulous tone, "You don't mean that, do you?"

"Certainly," replied the tinker; "there is not a whole pane of glass in the building. One good turn deserves another, you know."

"Yes," answered the glazier, in a tone of utter despair; "but, you accounted, you have ruined me, for I keep the church windows in repair by the year."

A schoolmaster, after having given one of his scholars a sound drubbing, for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and at the same time promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically. The youngster, quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus he addressed his fellow pupil: "There is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other side of the room, who wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

"Don't you know," said he, "that Christ came into this world to teach and to save mankind; that he was persecuted and put to death on the cross?" "Never heard of him before," said the old lady. "Pray, how long ago did this happen?" "Nearly two thousand years ago," "Bless my heart! And where did it all happen?" "In Jerusalem; more than two thousand miles from here." "Dear me, parson, said she, "since it is said to have happened so long ago, and at such a distance, let us hope that it is not true. Let me help you to a cup of tea."—Clerical Visits.

A Scotch minister, named Downes, settled in a rural district in the North of Ireland, where the people are more Scotch in language and manners than in the Land of Oakes itself. One evening he and a brother divine set out together to take part in some religious meeting—Meeting one of his parishioners on the way, the latter quietly observed, "Well, Mr. Downes, you clergyman! I drive the devil out of the country the night!" "Deerly," replied the good minister, "we will. I see you are making your escape." Tommy did not use the devil's name in his pastor's presence again.

During the festivities of Christmas a large cake of very rich appearance was sent by some unknown person as a present to Gen. de Manteuffel, Prussian Governor of Schleswig. The gift was received with great pleasure by the Governor's family, and one evening it was placed on the table with no little ceremony. But on cutting it, the tempting inside was found to be merely a shell, containing numerous copies of journals prohibited in Schleswig by order of the General.

Of all mean and contemptible men of persons calling themselves men—in this world, he that sneaks through life in tip-toe, with his ear at the key-hole of every body's house except his own, is the most to be detected.

"Blow Your Own Whistle."

Not many days since I was leisurely walking down street, when I encountered some half-a-dozen rosy, round-faced children, ranging from three to ten years.